Mars Awakening

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Mars Awakening

by redquixoticserenade

Summary

Rita Beckman and her friends are in a stage of their lives where they *question everything*, but with question comes concern.

Will their questioning do more harm than good?

This fanfiction is based on the musical *Spring Awakening* by Duncan Sheik, and *The Awakening of Spring* by Frank Wedekind.

Notes

Warnings for each chapter will be listed in the beginning notes, but there are no warnings for this chapter! (If you would like any to be added, or any tags, you can leave a comment below!)

See the end of the work for more notes

Mama Who Bore Me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The atmosphere of Mars has always been recognized as one willing to welcome subjects in with open arms. Even though it can not begin to fathom itself against Earth, the naturalist, it is still considered to be experienced with the concepts that make up beauty. Life on Mars, however, has changed immensely over the course of countless millennia. It, of course, advanced itself with technological achievements, but the people residing on its core seem to have, as some state, reversed themselves. Many have easy access to concepts and contraptions that were created to keep them safe, yet numerous others choose to not involve themselves with them. Whatever their reasoning may be, it can sometimes lead to undesirable consequences if not informed to the person with the truth and understanding needed to use it properly.

This is the story of a group of teenagers who, even when times weren't considered tough by their parents, currently faced a greater demon that plagued their every sound, mind, and body.

Adolescent Sexuality

A gentle sound of laughter began to fill the emptiness present inside the hallway of a home located in the buzzing Hyperion City. It made its way into the living room where a girl, who had just so happened to turn fourteen, drove her attention towards the television onto a show meant for a young child. She was wearing a pretty lilac dress that appeared to become an inch smaller each year, and her dark, curly hair was held back from her face with a bow to match made by her mother. A pair of glitter bracelets that smelled like strawberries resided on her arms. One of the many personifications of youth, some would inform her.

A short time after the powering on of the television, the girl began to hear footsteps entering the room in which she resided. "Rita, *please* turn the television off! By the time we complete any of the tasks for today, I will be dead and already withering away!"

Rita paid no attention to her mother's words or presence as they entered the room.

The sight of television was nothing new to her mother, but her daughter's attire was strong enough to grab her attention. "Goodness, look at you!" She pointed to her daughter, who stood up and turned towards her mother in response. "Why are you wearing that kindergarten dress? Rita, dear, growing women are not to be seen strutting around in such childish attire!"

Rita smiled up at her mother and did a short-but-sweet twirl. "Mama, please! I love this dress! It makes me feel a little faerie-queen like in that one show you let me watch!"

Her mother, Mrs. Beckman, let out a sigh, which was preceded by her taking a seat in a nearby chair. "…You're already *in bloom*- Now, shh, you're about to make me forget the good news."

Rita smiled and sat on the floor next to her mother. "What is it?"

Mrs. Beckman looked down at her daughter and smiled. "Last night, the three-eyed stork visited your sister, and finally brought her another little baby!'

Rita fiddled with the glitter bracelet that was on her arm. "I can't wait to see her, Mama."

"Well, go put on a proper dress, and take a hat and coat with-"

"Mama!" Rita interrupted her mother as she stood from the floor and took a seat in her mother's lap. "Please, Please, *Please*, don't be cross when I say this, but I am an aunt for the second time now, and I still don't understand how it happens."

There was a moment of silence between the two of them.

"Please, Mama!" Rita stepped off the lap of her mother and stood before her. "I am ashamed of myself for even bringing such a thing up, but then, who is better to ask someone about a topic like this than you?"

Mrs. Beckman stood from her chair and peered down towards her daughter. “Rita, child, you cannot simply imagine that I could possibly-”

“You cannot *still* imagine that I believe in the three-eyed stork!”

“What on Mars have I done to deserve a conversation like this?!” She placed the palm of her hand onto her forehead. “On a day like today, too! Just… go change into some more appropriate clothing.”

Rita watched as her mother walked past her. “And if I run outside now, and ask Todd? Our garbage man?

Mrs. Beckman threw her hands into the air. “Very well, then I shall tell you everything! Not today, though! Tomorrow… Or the day after!”

“Today, Mama.”

Her mother sighed and placed her hands to her sides. “Rita Beckman, I simply cannot tell you-”

Rita softly threw her hands to her sides. “**Mama**!”

“You are going to drive me mad, Sweetheart!”

The young girl watched as her mother sat down in another chair, and she then stood by her. “Why? I’ll listen to your voice as I kneel here by your feet, and then I’ll lay my head in your lap… you can pretend as though I’m not here.”

No response from her mother came before Rita’s hearing.

Mrs. Beckman placed her hand softly into her daughter's hand. "Very well, then, I'll tell you."

Rita proceeded to sit on her knees awkwardly, turning her flustered face up towards her mother. Mrs. Beckman covered her daughter's head with her floral apron. "When a person wishes to bear a child, they must… in their own, personal way, they must… love their partner. Love them, as they can only love them. Only them… they must love- with their whole… heart."

Her mother stood from her seat, causing Rita to follow her movements in response.

"There." Mrs. Beckman began as she walked away. "Now, you know everything!"

"Everything?"

"Everything!" Her mother began to walk away from her daughter to continue on with her duties. "So help me!"

"Mama!"

The static noise from the television was the only thing left to comfort Rita in her time of inner longing that grew every second she remained alone in the room.

Chapter End Notes

"Mama who bore me,"
"Mama who gave me,"
"No way to handle things,"
"Who made me so sad."

I appreciate you reading this chapter! The next one will be out soon! (Constructive Criticism is always welcome!)

Artwork by Me!

- Mads

The Bitch of Living

Chapter Summary

The class sits before the teacher who despises them for attempting to learn and grow.

All of them possess the same thought.

"Oh God, what a bitch!"

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter: Slight Physical Altercations, Mentions of Sexual Encounters

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Centuries ago, education was residing in its early stages of being known as a concept desperately needed in order to grow properly from childhood to adulthood. Even in the few years after its conception, many were still unable to reach its grasp to benefit their lives for the better. Many of the ways existent then are now extinct. The population now focuses on what exactly is taught inside the confines of a place many students consider to be a prison. The administration informs the population of what they teach, and the unsuspecting parents take the bait. There is no doubt in any mind that many topics taught in school are essential to the mere working factors of future generations and how they will operate when they reach true adulthood.

No matter how hard many attempt to defend the counter arguments involving the school system, there should be an all-around agreement that some topics are more important to learn and understand than others.

Earthian Latin is a subject many dread to learn. The worst form of it, as expressed by many Northstar Academy students, is in the form of epic poetry. It was one of those classes that a student was unable to deny attendance to. The only thing one can do is pray that they were assigned to a teacher who made the time learning the subject worthwhile, but many were granted no fortune with their outcome. Mr. Khan, a teacher so boring he could put the most energetic animal to sleep, was one of few chosen each year to present the material to the

upcoming students who were unlucky enough to be placed into his class. As of recent, he would make his students stand one-by-one to recite portions of The Aeneid, a poem so old the writer's body is to the point of where it can no longer reach decay.

The students were all present for class that day, which was usually an uncommon occurrence. Mrs. Khan stood before the class while the next speaker stood to begin their recitation. "Again." A slight tone of annoyance began to make itself known as he spoke.

A student by the name of Pilot rose from their seat. "...vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram…"

"Better, Mx. Pereyra." Mr. Khan scratched off the verse on his paper with one swipe of his mechanical pencil. "Continue for us, Mr. Mercury."

Mr. Mercury, who was named Bartholowmew, but went by Mick for short, stood with a visible clumsiness as he picked up the book from his desk. "...multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem."

"Mr. Kanagawa. Start from the beginning."

Cecil Kanagawa, who had a twin sister to match in some way, shape, or form, stood from his seat, and the sound of clinking jewelry followed. "Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris-"

"Mr. Dimaggio."

Julian DiMaggio, whose outfit shined as bright as the sun, stood from his chair with poise. "...Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora-"

"Mr. Nureyev."

No response came from the desk at which the student resided, for the student himself was asleep.

Mr. Khan increased the vocal volume residing in his throat. “Mr. Nureyev.”

The eyes of the boy who met with sleep awoke from their slumber and stared upon the teacher before them. The movements of the body followed suit. “Sir?...”

“Continue. Please.”

No quick response came from the student.

“Mr. Nureyev.”

The boy, whose first name was Peter, spoke haltingly with his response. “...Laviniaque venit…”

“Yes?...”

“...litora…multum enim-”

Mr. Khan looked upon the boy with confusion. “Multum *einem* ?”

Peter attempted to take another stab at it. “...multum *olim* -”

Patience was growing thin among the teacher way past his youth. “ *Olim* ?! Multum olim…?! So then, in some way, shape, or form Pious Aeneas has *already* suffered “much in the days still to come”...?”

The student made no comment in response to his statement.

“Do you have *any* idea of what you’re saying, Mr. Nureyev?”

Suddenly, after no longer being able to witness the torment projected onto his fellow student, the student who sat right beside Peter shot up from his seat. “If you please!”

The teacher looked before the disobeying student with a growing sense of anger. “Pardon me?”

The teenager, whose first name was Juno, like the Roman goddess, gracefully began to explain his sudden objection. “If you please, Mr. Khan…can’t we at least agree to consider “multum olim” as a plausible conjecture for the text might read?”

Mr. Khan attempted to make a hand gesture to signal Juno back into his seat, but it was of no use. “Mr. Takano. We are hardly here today to conjecture about textual conjectures. The boy has made an error.”

Juno shook his head in agreement. “Yes. But an understandable error, sir. Indeed if we could only entertain the fitness of the conjecture-”

“Multum *olim* ?!” Mr. Khan was growing angrier by the second. It was as if everything he taught his student about the poem went down the drain.

Juno points towards the chalkboard, which also contained the Aeneid upon its walls. “Look to the fresh rhetorical balance- “ *multum* olim” introducing “ *multa* quoque”- it is a parallel, sir, between what Aeneas has already suffered in war and those sufferings on land and sea just ahead.”

Mr. Khan went to the board and placed the long, wooden cane nearby into his grasp. “Mr. Takano, since the days of Servius, Aulus Gellius, and Claudius Donatus- nay, since the moment of Virgil’s death- our world has been littered with more than sufficient critical commentary on various textual conjectures.”

“With all due respect, sir, are you suggesting there is no further room for critical thought or interpretation? Why indeed, then, do we even-”

Mr. Khan proceeded to strike Juno in the chest with his teacher’s cane. “I am suggesting no such thing. I am confirming that Mr. Nureyev has made an error. And I am asking- nay, demanding- that you emend his faulty text and proceed from there. Do I make myself clear?”

Juno Takano presents his teacher no response.

“Mr. Takano?”

Still, no response exited Juno’s mouth, and Mr. Khan strikes him again more forcefully with his cane. “Mr. Takano, do I make myself clear?”

Once again, Juno provided him no response, so Mr. Khan struck him in the chest once again with his cane.

Juno slowly shook his head with agreement. “Yes, Mr. Khan. “litora multum ille”.

“Now,” Mr. Khan spoke out to the entire class. “All of you- together with Juno Takano: “Laviniaque venit…”

With the command from the teacher, all of the students present in class followed suit. “...litora, multum ille et terris iactus et alto vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob…”

All that's known is that Juno possessed a slightly advanced intelligence than the rest of his peers. A knowledge that, if handled incorrectly, can lead to undesirable consequences.

"...multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem…"

While the students were presenting their lines, Mr. Khan rejuvenated himself onward with fresh matters. "Thank you, students. Now, if you please: "inferretque deos Latio…" The *following* seven lines of Pious Aeneas' journey. From memory."

Each student began to write onto the papers, including Juno. As he began the process of doing so, however, he is interrupted by a tap on his shoulder. He turned towards the direction of the tap, and saw Peter.

"Thank you, Junie." Peter spoke to him in sotto voce.

"It's nothing."

"Still, I'm sorry. You didn't need to-"

"Think what Aeneas suffered." Juno spoke to him ironically in a "not to worry" tone.

"I should have known it." Peter began. " *Multum ille* . It's just…I didn't sleep last night. In fact, I, uh, suffered a visit from the most horrific, dark phantasm…"

Juno wrote another word onto his paper. "You mean, a dream?..."

"A nightmare, really." Peter, himself, placed another word onto his paper. "Soft legs in sky blue fishnet stockings, climbing over the lecture podium."

“Oh.” Juno looked slightly surprised, but understood immediately. “*That* kind of dream.”

Peter shook his head vertically, which indicated to Juno that he was correct. “Have you ever suffered such…mortifying visions?”

“Peter, of course. We all have.” Juno’s smile began to fill itself with a small sense of uncomfort. “Pilot Pereyra dreamt about their mother.”

“Really?!?” Peter suddenly sat up in shock.

“Mick Mercury? Dreamt he was getting seduced by his piano teacher.”

A look of slight horror grazed upon his face. “Mrs. Fashingbauer?!?”

Just then, Mr. Khan grabbed Peter by the ear. “Peter Nureyev. I need hardly remind you that, of all our pupils, *you* are in no position to be taking liberties. I will not warn you again.”

Peter nodded, and the two of them went back to focusing on their verses as much as they could.

After a while, Mr. Khan stood from his chair and turned his attention towards the class. “Students, turn in your verses, and clear away your personal effects. I will see you tomorrow, seven a.m.” He leaves the classroom while the students are gathering their belongings.

Pilot placed their gigantic bag onto their shoulder. “Well, I’m off. Benten will probably be waiting for me to begin our study session at Lucida Fort, one of the many parks not too far from here.”

Julian turned towards his classmate and smiled. “I'm heading out, too.”

“I’ll walk with you, Julian.”

Julian turned around and saw Cecil looking slightly down at him. “You will?”

Cecil smiled suggestively. “We’ll huddle over Homer. Maybe do a little Achilles and Patroclus…”

The two of them let out a synchronized laugh as they walk away, leaving the others to their own devices.

Mick sees Juno and Peter conversing with each other and waves goodbye their way. “Juno, Peter.”

“Home to Bach?” Juno says archly.

“Mrs. Fashingbauer will not be kept waiting.” He shivers when her name leaves his mouth, but carries on like nothing happened.

Juno turns to Peter with a wink, but Peter waves it away.

“Ach, Junie!” Peter sighs softly with an ounce of tiredness mixed in. “Sixty lines of Homer, all those quadratic equations…I’ll be up all night again, haunted by another one of those… dreams. And still I won’t get through it.”

“Oh, yes. Your dream.” Juno watches as Peter turns his gaze towards a small painting of a landscape that resides on a nearby wall.

Peter begins to speak to Juno with a sense of horror in his voice. “Junie, why- *why*- am I haunted by the legs of a mysterious person? By the deepening conviction that some dark part of my destiny may lie there between them?...”

Juno brought one of his hands to Peter's shoulder. "All right then. I'll tell you. I got it out of books. But prepare yourself: it made an atheist out of me."

A few seconds of silence were shared between them.

"So-"

Peter quickly waved his hands upwards at Juno. "No, no- not here! I *can't* talk about it! No- do me a favor: write it down. *All* of it. Conceal it in my satchel- after Gymnastics- tomorrow."

A few more seconds of silence fell between them.

Juno smiled. "Top to bottom?"

" *Everything* ."

The academy was usually quiet after school. Very few students engaged themselves, or were given permission to participate, in extracurricular activities. Two teachers, Mrs. Beaune and Mr. Buckwalter strolled past each other, which caused one of them to begin a conversation involving two students attending Northstar.

Mrs. Beaune shook her head in shame. "Unfathomable. Mr. Buckwalter."

The man mentioned looked up from his stack of papers. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Beaune?"

"Look at that." She points towards two students who she suspects are Juno and Peter, walking down the massive hallway and out of view. "Juno Takano, a young lady of distinct intellectual capability-"

“Thoroughly distinct.”

Mrs. Beaune smiles. “A young lady who could be our finest pupil-”

Mr. Buckwalter shakes his head in agreement. “Our finest, Mrs. Beaune.”

“Yet,” Mrs. Beaune hen turns her finger towards Peter. “There he is, *polluting* himself, cavorting about with that, that…”

Mr. Buckwalter scoffs disgustedly. “Neurasthenic imbecile, Peter Nureyev?”

“Thank Heaven the upper grade only holds sixty." Mrs. Beaune proceeded to sigh with relief, and was thankful for the knowledge that Peter Nureyev will hopefully fail to move onward into the next grade.

Chapter End Notes

"All they say is "Trust in what is written","
"Wars are made, and somehow that is wisdom,"
"Thought is subject, and money is their idol,"
"And nothing is okay unless it's scripted in their Bible.

I appreciate you reading this chapter! The next one will be out soon! (Constructive Criticism is always welcome!)

Artwork by Me!

- Mads

My Junk

Chapter Summary

A friendship can sometimes be more informative than a relationship one has with their parent.

"We've all got our junk, and my junk is you!"

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter: Mentions of Sexual Encounters and Human Anatomy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Innocence is something that fuels our bodies heavily when we are in our youth. It grows its vines all around our souls, and it protects us until we have grown and truly become ready for the outside world. We feed it everyday in an ongoing attempt to gain the truth, but the younger we are, the longer we sometimes have to wait. Even then, the truth we're told may not even be true in itself. It is up to us, and the idea that innocence will save us, to recognize what is right and wrong.

Sometimes, though, our own innocence will end up bringing forth more harm than good.

It was a late afternoon in the Hyperion Countryside. The small amount of sunshine given permission to enter through the dome felt nice upon the skin of someone willing to leave their home to enjoy the area around them. Artificial wind swayed the crops all day and night. It was one of the few places on Mars where the level of crime and corruption were lower than Hyperion City.

Rita, along with her friends, Buddy, Vespa, and Franny, were residing on the cobblestone bridge in between the city and the countryside. Their current conversation was filled to the brim with excitement and awe.

Franny twirled gracefully, the ruffles in her long, periwinkle skater dress following suit. “Have you seen her dress? It’s so pretty! The bodice is made out of lace, and in the back, a sapphire blue satin bow to match!”

“*Ooh!* ” Vespa was mesmerized by the description of the dress. “Rita, what are you wearing to Victoria Valles’ wedding?”

Rita turned her attention away from the stream flowing under the stream, and onto her friend. “Mama said we cannot go.”

Franny was beyond shocked at the words that exited Rita’s mouth. “To Vicky’s wedding?!”

“Mama told me that she felt it was a little improper.”

Buddy looked down at Rita, who was much shorter than her. “Why? Is it because she’s marrying that-”

“Rita, I have an idea!” Vespa announced in a tone that was louder than the rest of the group combined. “What if you came with one of us? They’re decking the entire sanctuary in dahlias and roses!...”

“Mama said no.” Rita’s utterance was a slight mix between sadness and annoyance.

Vespa brought her hands to her sides. “I hope your mom approves of the person I marry.”

“And the person I marry, too!” Franny chimed in with a smile.

Rita smiled as she began to tease her dear friend. “Well, we all know who Franny longs to marry!”

“Juno Takano!” Buddy quickly chimed in, which was then followed by a soft giggle.

Franny rolled her eyes. “Well, who doesn’t?”

“A lot of people think he’s rather handsome!” Vespa smiled as she moved a few strands of hair away from her eyes.

Rita turned her attention to the landscape far out of her reach, but still kept up with the conversation around her. “So wonderful.”

Buddy folded her hands. “Not so wonderful as that sad, soulful sleepyhead, Peter Nureyev.”

Franny and Vespa looked upon Buddy with shock. A sort of sadness filled Vespa’s face, but the others failed to notice it. “Peter Nureyev?!?”

“How can you *even* compare them?” Franny was astonished with her friend’s crush. “Junie Takano, he’s such a radical! You what the rumor is?”

All of the girls, except for Franny, leaned in as they were interested in hearing more.

“He doesn’t believe in anything. Not in any Gods.”

The girls gasp in surprise that was also fueled by wonder.

“Not in the Afterlife.”

Another gasp exited from each of the girls.

“There is not a single thing in the **entire** universe that he believes in.”

A final gasp, which was followed up by a collective sigh, exited from the girls.

Vespa turned to gaze up towards the sky, which was, in reality, the blue tint reflecting off of the protective dome. “They say he’s the best, in like, everything. Earthian Latin, Intergalactic Calculus, Earthian Greek…”

“You wanna know the best part?” Franny asked the group. “He doesn’t care a *whit* about any of it…”

Evenings in Hyperion City meant different things to different people. Some went out to flourish themselves underneath the neon lights. Others stayed home and caught up with whatever entertainment they’ve found keeping them busy. It was almost like an everlasting free for all, in a way.

Juno Takano found himself writing in his journal alone next to a bright plasma lamp. He read out loud the text that he could conjure up as he wrote it onto his paper. “On the earth calendar, it is the sixteenth of October. The question for today is: Shame. What is its origin? And *why* are we hounded by its miserable shadow? “

He flipped to the next empty page of his journal. “Does the astral mare feel Shame as she couples with a stallion? Are they deaf to everything their loins are telling them, until we grant them a marriage certificate? I think not.”

Once again, he flipped to the next empty page. “To my mind, Shame is nothing but a product of Education. Meanwhile, old Father Rasbach still blindly insists, in *every* single sermon, that it’s deeply rooted in our sinful Human Nature. Which is why I now refuse to involve myself with any kind of relig-”

Just then, his emotionally distant mother, Sarah, called from another room. “Juno?”

“Yes, Mom?”

“Peter Nureyev is here to see you.”

Juno sits upward in his seat as Peter enters his room with a pale and agitated appearance. “Peter?...”

“Sorry I’m so late.” Peter takes a few steps forward towards Juno. “I yanked on a jacket, ran a brush through my hair, and dashed like some phantom to get here.”

Juno instantly presents a look of worry onto his face. “You slept through the day?...”

Peter nodded his head yes in response. “I’m exhausted, Junie. I was up till three in the morning- reading that essay you gave me, till I couldn’t see straight.”

“Sit down.” Juno began. “I’ll roll you a smoke.”

Peter pulls the chair across from Juno out from under the desk and takes a seat. “Look at me- I’m trembling. Last night I prayed like Andromeda in Polaris: “Please, Goddess, give me Consumption and take these sticky dreams away from me.”

Juno looked up to Peter from his journal. “With any luck, she’ll ignore *that* prayer.”

“Junie, I can’t focus- on *anything* . Even now, it seems like…Well, I see, and hear, and feel, quite clearly. And yet, everything seems so strange…”

“But all of those illustrations I gave you- didn’t they help illuminate your dreams?” Juno closed his journal and sat it on the desk.

Peter shot up from his seat. “They only multiplied everything ten times! Instead of merely seeing Fishnet Stockings, now I’m plagued by both Labia Majora and-”

Sarah Takano enters the room with a tray possessing two teacups, a sugar bowl, and a kettle full of hot tea. “Well, here I am Little Monsters, with tea. Mr. Nureyev, how are you?”

“Very well, thank you, Mrs. Takano.”

A sudden sense of skepticism plagued Juno’s mother. “Yes?”

Juno busted Peter and looked up. “Just think, Mom. Peter was up, reading all through the night.”

“Uh, conjugating Earthian Greek.” Peter fixed his posture upwards.

Mrs. Takano shook her head. “You must take care of yourself, Peter. Surely, your health is more important than Ancient Greek.” She turns her focus back onto Juno, the eldest child who was also a twin. “Now, what have you been reading, Juno?”

“Goethe’s *Faust*, actually.”

A sense of sheer unexpectedness filled her mind. “Really? At your age?...”

“It’s so beautiful, Mom.”

Peter shook his head in agreement. “So haunting.”

“Still, I should have thought…” Sarah Takano brushes her hands onto her skirt. “But surely, you kids are now of an age to decide for yourselves what is good for you and what is not.” She releases a sigh and heads for the door. “If you need anything else, children, call me.”

Juno and Peter wait a few seconds before they begin their conversation from where it started.

A faint smile grew upon Peter's face. "Well, your mother certainly is remarkable."

"It's all well and dandy until she catches her child reading Goethe."

Peter shook his head. "I think she meant the story of Madam Rossignol and her illegitimate child."

Juno places his journal into the first drawer of his desk. "Yes. You see how obsessively everyone fixes on that story. It's as if the entire world were mesmerized by penis and vagina."

"Well, *I am* ." Peter interrupted. "All the more so, I'm afraid, since reading your essay. What you wrote about the… *average human* …I can't stop thinking about it." He pulls out the essay Juno gave him. "This part here- is it true?"

Juno peers at the section of the essay that his friend is referring to. "Absolutely."

Even though Juno confirmed his suspicions, Peter still had questions. "How can you understand that, Junie? What your *partner* must feel."

"Giving yourself over to someone else?...Defending yourself until, finally, you surrender and feel Heaven break over you?..."

Peter nods.

Juno thinks for a second. "I just put myself in their place- and imagine…"

“Really?!” Peter began to flip through the pages of the essay, one diagram after another, and became increasingly mesmerized. “What does it feel like?...for the *partner* ?...”

Peter continued to look through the diagrams. “...Still, you must admit…with all the differing…geni…geni…”

Juno looks over to Peter. “Genitalia?”

“Genitalia. It truly *is* daunting- I mean, how…everything might…”

“Measure up?”

In an instant the face of Peter Nureyev turns stricken.

“Fit?”

Nureyev’s face became even more stricken.

“Peter, not that I’m saying that I, *myself*, have ever-”

Peter scoffs. “Not that *I’m* saying I wouldn’t want…Would ever not want to *not* - Would ever *not* want…”

“Peter?” Juno grew concerned.

“I have to go!” Peter rushes out of the room and begins to make his way home.

“Peter, wait-”

Juno’s call out to his dear friend was of no use since he was already gone.

“Peter…”

Mrs. Takano enters the room and prepares to take the tea supplies back to the kitchen. “What is it, Little Monster?”

“Nothing, Mom.”

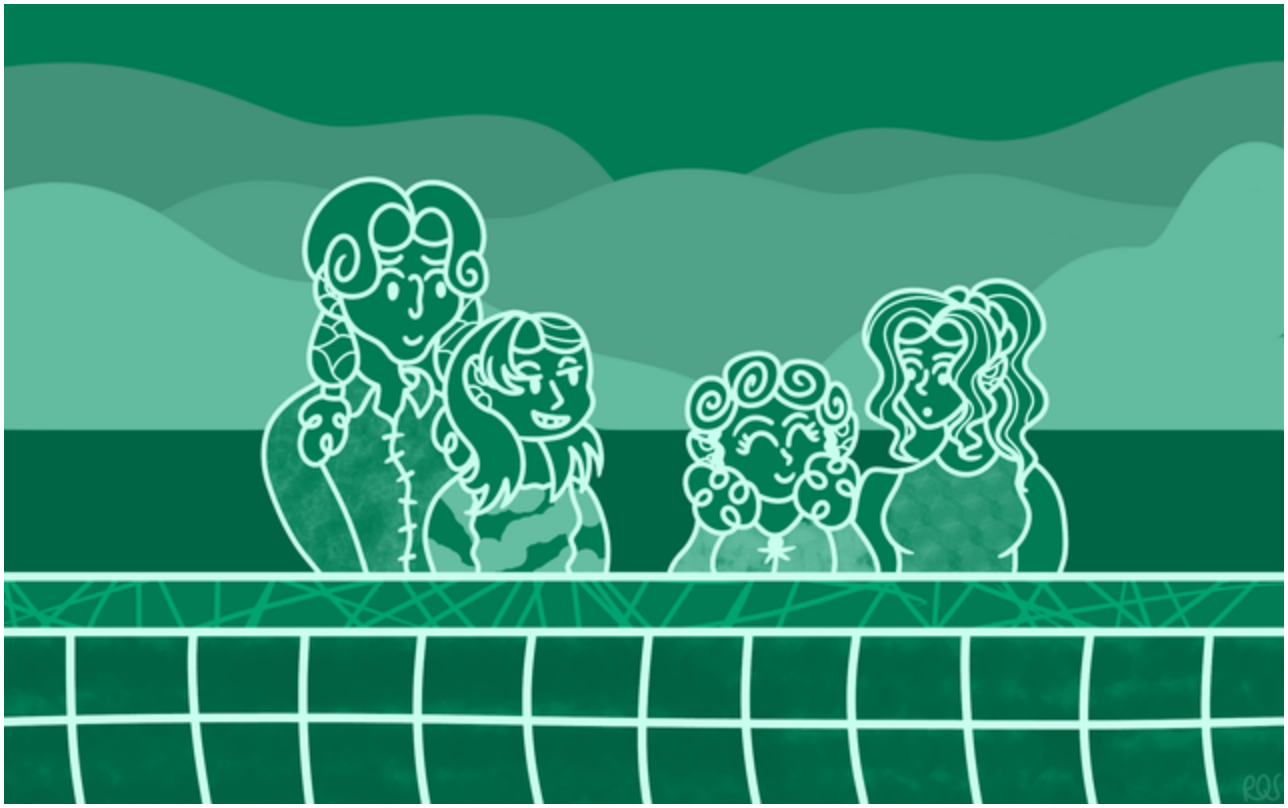
“Has Peter gone?”

Juno begins to take his journal back out of the drawer. “Yeah.”

Sarah sighs and picks up the tea tray. “Well, he *does* look awfully pale, don’t you think? I wonder, is that *Faust* really the best thing for him?”

Juno gives her no answer, so she leaves giving him what she feels as though he wants.

Time alone up to his own devices.



Chapter End Notes

"Where I go, when I go there,"
"No more weeping anymore,"
"Only in and out your lips,"
"The broken wishes, washing with them, to shore."

Thank you for reading this chapter! The next one will be out soon! (Constructive Criticism is always appreciated!)

Artwork by Me

- Mads

The World Of Your Body

Chapter Summary

Many things can be beautiful and terrifying at the same time.

In this specific instance, however, the passion someone has will eventually lead to undesirable consequences.

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this Chapter: N/A

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Humans were born with the need to express their emotions. It fills their essence with something that they find impossible to express in words. Many know that it can mold people into good beings, but at the same time, it can rip them apart creating bad ones. It is connected to a completely random wheel of fate that no one can control.

In the end, that wheel can result in a bad spin, and begin to cause everything spiral everything down the drain.

The intergalactic woods were one of the few calm spots on Mars. Trees, as the Ancient Earthians called them, lined the red exterior for miles to come. Their heights were sometimes compared to skyscrapers. Other plants had extensive variation when it comes to the bright red planet. No inhabitant could compare its beauty as it is one of a kind.

Rita held a basket as she was walking through the woods. Along her path, she noticed a familiar face sitting nearby next to a gigantic tree trunk. “Juno Takano?”

Juno, who was in disbelief of his distant friend’s sudden recurrence, sat up and looked upon her. “Rita Beckman?! Like a tree-nymph fallen from the branches. What are you doing- alone up here?

“Mama’s making May wine! I’d thought I’d surprise her with some woodruff. And you?”

Juno sat his leather-bound book in front of him. “This is my favorite spot. My private place- for thinking.”

“Oh. I’m sorry.” Rita begins to walk away from him.

“No- no. Please.” He reached out his arm towards Rita, and she paused her movements instantly.

There was a moment of silence between the two of them.

“So, Rita…how have you been?”

A smile full of softness grew upon Rita’s face. “Well, this morning was wonderful! Our youth group brought baskets of food and clothing to the day-laborers’ children.”

“I remember when we used to do that. Together.”

The smile upon Rita's face grew louder the more she talked. “You should have seen their faces, Juno! How much we brighten their day!”

“Actually,” Juno began softly. “it’s something I’ve been thinking a lot about.”

“The day-laborers?” Rita slightly turned her head to the side.

Juno proceeded to shake his head no. “Our little acts of charity. What do you think, Rita, can our Sunday School deeds really make a difference?”

Rita’s facial expression turned into one full of worry. “They have to. Of course. What other hope do those people have?”

“I don’t know, exactly.” Juno responded. “I fear, though, that Industry is fast determining itself firmly against them.”

“Against us all, then.” Rita looked down towards her shoes, which matched in color to her dress.

Juno smiled. “Thank you, yes!”

“It seems to me,” Rita started to speak as she looked back up. “What serves *each* of us best is what serves *all* of us best.”

“Indeed.”

Another moment of silence plagued the both of them.

Juno stood. “Rita Beckman. I have known you all these years, and yet we’ve never truly talked.”

Rita looked away from Juno’s gaze. “We have so few opportunities now that we’re older.”

“True. In a more progressive world, of course, everyone would be given an equal opportunity at an education. No matter where you live or the situation your family is currently facing. Wouldn’t that be remarkable?”

Almost an instant after, Juno has grown closer to Rita, but it is so close that Rita begins to feel self-conscious, and she pulls away from him.

Rita looked away from him. “What time is it?”

“Must be close to four.”

Rita turns her face back towards him, but fails to make eye contact. “Oh? I thought it would be later. I paused for a second, and then I chose to lay so long in the astral moss by the stream, and just let myself dream…I thought it must be…later.”

A movement suggesting that Rita should sit down exited from Juno’s hand. “Then, can’t you sit for a moment? When you lean back against this osiris oak, and stare up at the clouds, you start to think hypnotic things…”

“I have to be back before five.”

Juno sits back down under the tree. “When you lie here, such a strange, wonderful peace settles over you…”

It took Rita a moment to contemplate the route she wanted to take. “Well, for a moment maybe.”

The two of them sat alone together under the tree. The tone present all around grew into something that…neither of them had ever experienced before…

They sat there for a while until Rita stood from her spot. “The sun’s setting, Juno. Truly, I’d better go.”

Juno follows her in standing, and then he softly touches her hand. “We’ll go together. I’ll have you on the bridge in ten minutes.”

Rita hesitates with her dear friend's offer, but she allows him to take her hand, and the two of them begin their walk towards the bridge.

The schoolyard of Northstar Academy was full of students this time of day. It was the afternoon, and everyone was heading home. A few students, however, were waiting for one of their peers to exit through the doors nearby where they stood.

Pilot Pereyra suddenly pointed to the door as a student came through it. "Look- there he is!"

"So," Cecil began with a smile. "did you get caught?"

Peter smiled and shook his head. "No- no- thank Andromeda-"

Julian's expression was slightly consumed by worry. "You're trembling, though."

"For joy! Pure and certain joy!"

"Cross your heart?" Mick responded sarcastically.

"Twice over!"

Juno Takano had walked into the conversation just in time. Julian pointed over to him, which resulted in Peter looking over. "Juno!"

Peter's smile grew wider as Juno pressed his hands against his shoulders. "Peter, I've been looking for you."

Peter placed his hands onto Juno's arms. "Guess what I did!"

Mick snickered nearby. “He snuck into the headmaster’s office!”

“Peter, what were you thinking?” Juno was ultimately disappointed, but had always been prepared for a situation like this with his dear friend.

“I had to, Junie. I just had to. The good news is: I *passed*!"

Cecil rolled his eyes. “The middle-terms, that is.”

“Yes.” Peter removed himself from Juno’s grasp. “Everything will now be determined by the final exams. Still, I know I passed. Truly, the Afterlife must feel like this!”

Juno proceeded to give Peter a hug. He was still a little concerned that his friend had broken into the office, but was overall happy that he passed.

Around sunset, two teachers, Mrs. Beaune and Mr. Buckwalter, were examining the scores achieved by the academy students for their midterms. Mrs. Beaune was not pleased with what she discovered about one particular student. “Well, well. Mr. Buckwalter.”

The teacher next to her looked up. “What is it, Mrs. Beaune?”

“Now that…that skittish, near-aphasic moron…”

“Peter Nureyev.”

Mrs. Beaune shook her head, which indicated that she was correct. “He has somehow passed our middle-term exams, and it would appear that we face a certain dilemma.”

“Ah.” He places the paper he was holding back onto his desk. “As we know, the upper grade will only hold sixty. I hardly think we can promote sixty-one.”

“Hardly, Mr. Buckwalter. Even so, we must still look to the finals ahead.”

“Are you sure?...”

Mrs. Beaune begins to walk away from the table as she speaks her final testimony to her associate. “Remember, it is I who shall be marking *them* .”

“If so,” Mr. Buckwalter began. “Then *I* am assured the good name of our school is secure.”

The two teachers exchange a look of agreement before parting their separate ways.

Chapter End Notes

"O, I'm gonna be wounded,"
"O, I'm gonna be your wound,"
"O, I'm gonna bruise you,"
"O, you're gonna be my bruise."

Thank you for reading this chapter! The next one will be out soon! (Constructive Criticism is always excepted!)

Artwork by me!

- Mads

The Dark I Know Well

Chapter Summary

The ones we trust can often end up becoming the ones that hurt us the most.

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this Chapter 5: Physical/Emotional Abuse, mentions of Past Abuse

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When a child is welcomed into the world, they expect to discover a family that loves them for who they are. The family in itself may not own much, but material possessions can never compete with the relationship one has with someone they care for. Not all people are lucky, however, and others that they believe care for them make it their goal to tear them down.

Even still, in an instance such as this, where not all parties suffer the same trauma, sometimes unawareness of how things work can be just as harmful to someone in the process of preparing to become something new.

An adult.

It was a windy afternoon when Rita and her friends were walking home from their day of adventure in the intergalactic woods. They walked arm-in-arm as they discussed various events scheduled for tomorrow.

Vespa walked ahead of the group and pointed in the direction before her. “Shall we take the short way home?”

Franny shook her head. “No, no- by the bridge!”

“After two hours with that heavy medicine ball?!?” Rita was slightly surprised by her dear friend’s proposition.

“Come on!” Franny waved for her friends to follow suit.

Vespa began to tease Franny as the four of them stopped in their tracks. “I bet Franny wants to know if Junie Takano has taken his raft out today!”

Franny rolled her eyes. “Last one there has to hold hands with Cecil!...”

As the girls begin their journey once again, Vespa notices something occurring with her friend’s appearance. “Buddy, careful- you’re braid is coming loose.”

“No.” Buddy shook her head in disbelief as she reached for her hair.

“Just let it!” Franny chimed in. “Isn’t it a nuisance for you- day and night. You may not cut it short, you may not wear it down…”

Rita began to jump up and down on her tiptoes. “Tomorrow, I’m bringing scissors!”

Buddy shot her hands up into the air, which caused everyone around her to freeze in an instant. “For Andromeda’s sake, Rita, no! Father beats me enough as it is.”

Rita’s body filled itself with pure surprise and sadness. “Really?”

“No, no, I- It’s nothing.” Buddy attempted to engage the conversation towards a new direction, but it was of no use.

Franny stepped closer. “Buddy?...”

Vespa looked upward to Buddy's face. Her own was beginning to fuel with both rage and sadness at the same time. "Buddy, we're your friends…"

A short moment of silence fell upon the group.

Buddy turned her gaze to the ground, and then back upwards towards her friends. "Well, when I don't do as he likes…"

"What?" Vespa speaks soft and quick, as she doesn't want Buddy to hear the anger in her voice.

"Some nights…Father yanks out his belt."

Franny folds her hands together in an attempt to keep her composure. "Where is your mama?"

Buddy turns her gaze towards Franny, and begins to speak of what her mother tells her. "We have rules in this house. Your father will not be disobeyed!"

Another quick gust of silence flew past them.

"The other night, I ran towards the door. "Out the door? All right, I like that. That's where you'll spend the night- out on the street!"

"No!" Franny's composure was no longer well kept.

"It was so cold."

Vespa quickly held Buddy's hand. "My god."

The gust of artificial wind flew past them once again as quietness filled all around them.

Rita placed her right hand onto her opposite arm. "He beats you with a belt?"

"Anything he can find within his reach."

"With a buckle?" Rita let go of her arm.

Buddy hesitates with her next course of action, but she proceeds to roll up her long sleeve, which revealed a gigantic bruise that possessed welts all around it. "Right there…"

Vespa quickly, but softly, held the hand that possessed the bruise. "Oh my god!"

Rita flinched when she saw the bruise. "Buddy, the welts- they're terrible."

"We must tell someone." Vespa stood before Buddy's line of vision.

"Vespa, no!"

"But we must!"

Buddy shook her head. "No, no, please. They'd throw me out for good."

Franny turned her gaze back upwards to Buddy's face. "Like what happened to Alessandra, you mean."

“Remember!” Rita made her way over to Franny.

Vespa looked down towards the ground as she wiped away tears full of anger. “But still…”

“Vespa, no.” Buddy began to softly rub the back of her friend, and in almost an instant, the tone in her voice turned to utter degradation. “Just look at what’s become of Alessandra now! Living who knows where- with who knows *who*?!?”

Rita watched as Buddy continued to rub Vespa’s back. “I just wish I could somehow go through it for you…”

Silence caused the man-made wind to fill it once again. As it blew past, Franny proceeded to give Rita a hug. “My Uncle Bosco says, “If you don’t discipline a child, you don’t love it.”

Buddy sighs as she notices Vespa calming down. “That must be.”

“Guess what?” Vespa grabs the attention of her friends as she fixes her posture. “When I have children, I’ll let them be free. They’ll grow strong and tall, too.”

Franny is intrigued by Vespa’s future goal, but is ultimately confused by it. “Free? But how will we know what to do if our parents don’t tell us?”

“I don’t know.”

The intergalactic woods were quiet at this time of day. No four eyed birds made their existence known with their varying sound frequencies. In a field residing not too far from it, a boy by the name of Juno Takano could be found writing in his journal for the day. He read every word that made its way onto the paper.

“On the Earthian calendar, today is the 27th of November. The trouble is: the terrible prerogative of the…Parentocracy in Secondary Education…a world where teachers- like parents- view us as merely so much raw material for an obedient child and productive society…a unified, military-liked body, where all that is weak must be hammered away… where the progress of the students reflects back only on the rank and order of the faculty, and therefore a single low mark can be seen as a threat to-”

Juno continues to write what he thinks as a figure begins to increase its presence into his line of view.

“Juno?” It was Rita.

He jumps, visibly startled, and looks up to the person before him. “You?!...”

Rita shrugs, and begins to talk about her journey. “I was lying by the astral stream, and then…I saw you here…”

“Yes.”

There was a sudden awkward pause between the two of them.

Rita turned her focus towards the words in Juno’s journal. “So…”

“So…the stream. Dreaming again?...”

“I was, I guess.”

Juno closed his journal. “And, what were you dreaming of?”

“It’s silly.” Rita folded her hands in front of her.

“Tell me.”

Rita proceeded to kick a tiny rock away with her shoe. “I dreamed I was a clumsy little girl, who split my father’s coffee. And when he saw what I had done, he yanked out his belt and whipped me.”

“Rita,” Juno began to speak as he brought himself to his feet. “that kind of thing doesn’t happen anymore. Only in stories.”

“Buddy Aurinko is beaten almost every evening- the next day, you can see the welts. It’s terrible.”

Juno tucked his journal away into his pocket. “Someone should file a complaint.”

“You know…I’ve never been beaten. Not once. I can’t even imagine it. It must be just awful.”

“I don’t believe anyone is ever better for it.”

Rita released her gaze from Juno. “I’ve tried hitting myself- to find out it feels, really, *inside.*” She looks all around her until she sees a switch on the ground, and then she proceeds to pick it up. ‘With this switch, for example? It’s tough and thin.”

Juno accepts the switch when Rita offers it to him, and he swashes it through the air a few times, creating a quick swooshing noise as a result. “It’d draw blood.”

“You mean, if *you* beat me with it?...”

Juno looked over to Rita. “Beat you?”

“Me.”

“Rita, what are you thinking?!”

“Nothing.” Rita looked over to the switch. “But if I asked you to?”

“Have you lost your mind?”

“Buddy Aurinko, she told me-”

“Rita!” Juno interrupted in a sudden tone. “You can’t envy someone being beaten.”

“But I’ve never been beaten- my entire life. I’ve never…felt…”

“What?”

“*Anything*.”

When Juno didn’t respond to her in any form, she moved in closer to him. “Please, Juno…”

She moves in front of him and offers her backside. He considers whether or not to strike her, but he does, lightly.

“I don’t feel it!”

Juno brings the switch to his side. “Maybe not, with your dress on.”

Rita pulls up her skirt, which results in her showing Juno a more exposed backside. “On my legs, then.”

“Rita!”

“Come on. *Please*.”

Juno lifts the arm containing the switch. “I’ll teach you to say: “Please”…” He grabs her firmly by the arm, and strikes her again with the switch.

Rita winches from the pain, but attempts to conceal it. “You’re barely stroking me.”

He strikes her again.

Juno pulls the switch away from her. “How’s that then?”

“Buddy’s father, he uses his belt. He draws blood, Junie.”

Juno strikes her again. “How’s that?”

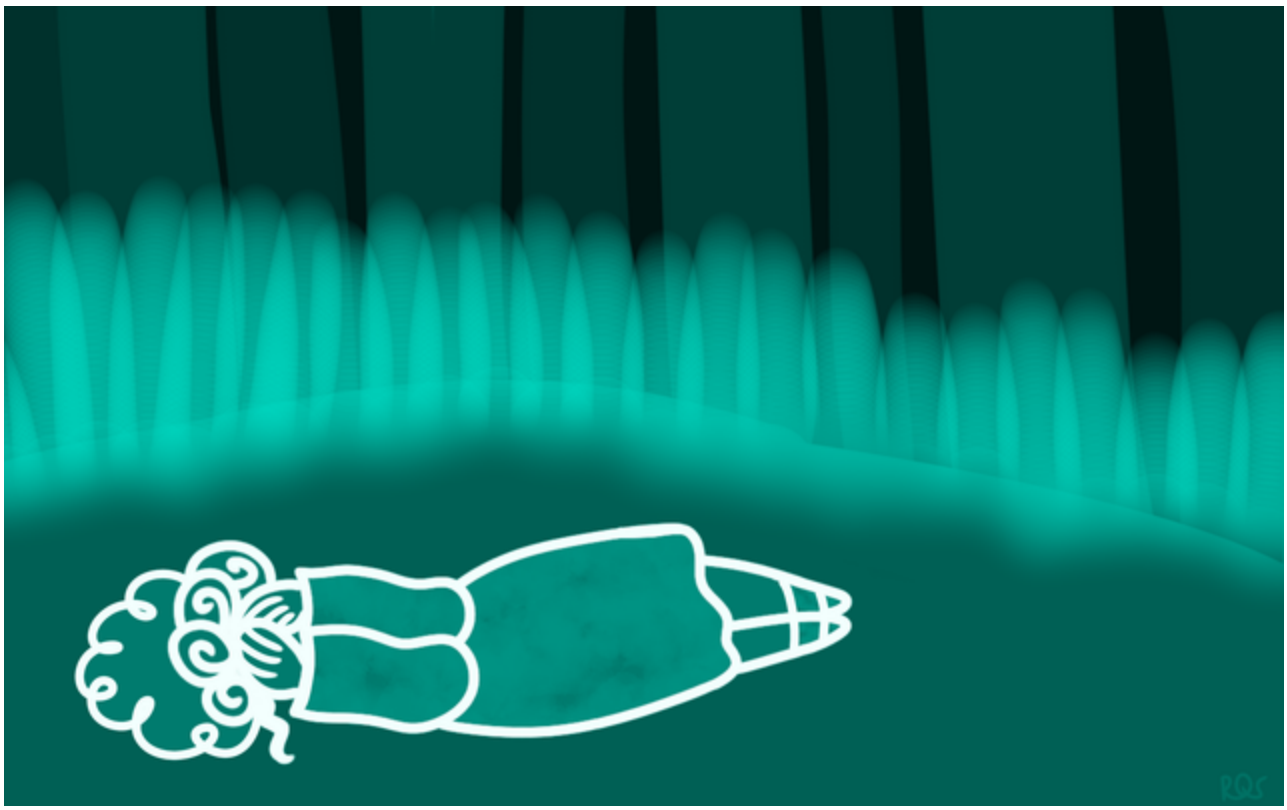
“Nothing.” Rita continued to lie to him for as long as she could.

He strikes her again. “And that?”

"*Nothing.*"

Juno grabs Rita by both her arms. "You **bitch**. I'll beat the *hell* out of you!" He flings the switch aside, and then begins to shake and throw Rita so violently to the ground that she begins sobbing.

Suddenly, realizing what he's done, he abandons the poor girl and stumbles into the woods softly crying to himself.



Chapter End Notes

"There's a part I can't tell,"
"Bout the dark I know well,"
"There's a part I can't tell,"
"About the dark I know well."

Thank you for reading this chapter! The next one will be released soon! (Constructive criticism is always welcome!)

Artwork by me

- Mads

End Notes

"Mama who bore me,"
"Mama who gave me,"
"No way to handle things,"
"Who made me so sad."

I appreciate you reading this chapter! The next one will be out soon! (Constructive Criticism is always welcome!)

Artwork by Me!

- Mads

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!